

pope at Rome. Why do men love darkness
rather than light? ' AGITATOR.

LITERARY.

BROKEN TIES.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream;
Around us each discolored chain
In sparkling ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms, perchance may roam,
To distant scenes removed;
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sigh'd to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged;
They meet us in a glittering throng,
With cold, averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant rope of bliss,
Uncut, and yet remain?
That hope the Sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns beyond the skies—
That hope unites our souls to Heaven,
By truth's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above;
And every pang which rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a softer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

FEMALE FAITH.

BY MISS LONDON.

She loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet—she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly slept,
The gayest of the gay;
That pride the blight of time has swept,
Unlike her love away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast
She saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved you most.

O such the generous faith that grows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like that star that stays and glows
Alone in night's dark west.

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then waits her light the more.

THE VOICE OF THE GOSPEL TO THE SLAVE.

Come to the Lamb of God!
Ye helpless captives, come!
He bought you with his precious blood,
And Heaven shall be your home.

Come forth into the light,
Ye that in darkness lie!
Break from the cloud that veils your sight;
The Lord is passing by!

Come to the Lamb of God!
His love shall set you free,
And you shall sound his praise abroad
Through all eternity.

Lord, when shall thy sweet voice
Cheer the heart-broken slave?
And every captive soul rejoice
In Him who died to save?

Speed on the blissful hour,
When chains and stripes shall cease,
And rescued millions own thy power,
Triumphant Prince of Peace!

A LITTLE BOY TO HIS FATHER,
AT SUNRISE, ON A MORNING IN SPRING.

Father, awake! it is not night;
The sun is up, the sky is bright—
The birds have left their leafy nests;
And joys are struggling from their breasts.

I cannot sleep, I hear them say,
'Morn is the childhood of the day;
Be up, for morn is life's career,
Should be as cheerful, bright, and dear.'

'Come forth and breathe the balmy air,
A thousand sweets are floating there,
A thousand sounds are mingling wild,
Come forth with us, fond working child.'

Father, awake! and take thy boy
To hear this matin burst of joy,
To see the world all bright with dew—
Father, I want to go with you.

You told me, God, though very high
Above the sun, above the sky,
Is praised by creatures here below—
The birds are praising him, I know.

And those soft twinklings of the leaves,
With every moan the ocean heaves,
Are all to him a grateful song—
Father, how can you sleep so long?

My little hymn, I think would please
His listening ear, as well as these,
If thou wouldst wake, and teach my tongue
To join the birds in morning song.

I hear them now among the trees;
I hear the humming of the bees—
It seems as though my heart would break—
Father, dear father, do awake!

THE HAPPY VESTAL.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r's accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labor and rest that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires composed, affections ever true;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven;
Grace shines around her with serene beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes.—*Pope.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

Commodore Porter represents many things as very different from the general belief, founded upon the relations of preceding travellers—correct enough no doubt at the time when they were written, although wide of the truth in the existing state of things.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Speaking of the modern Turkish uniform, which is almost a copy of the Christian, he says:—

'In adopting this dress, they forgot to adopt the European shirt, collar and frill, and they continue still to wear, when they do wear a shirt (not a very common circumstance) the long Turkish shirt, made like a smock, reaching to the ankles. The consequence is that the whole of this surplus linen has to be disposed of around and about the seating part of the pantaloons, and although it may be very comfortable in a sedentary position, has a very queer look when they are erect and in motion. They might safely defy the bastinado inflicted on that part at least, and perhaps in retreat a musket ball. Those who have shortened their under garment, so as to be able to dispose of it conveniently, or have dispensed with it altogether, seem to be of very fair proportion and appearance; the others resemble somewhat the bottle-tail spider, or jacko with his tail coiled away in his trousers.'

There is some good philosophy in the reasoning which concludes the following passage:

'I sent you, at different times, the biographies of several living and recently dead distinguished Turkish dignitaries. You will observe that all without exception have taken their origin from common life, and with the exception of Halil Pacha, have risen from the lowest ranks, and are without education. Thus you see how extremes meet in governments as well as in every thing else. In our Republic, certainly the freest country in the world, distinctions of birth weigh as nothing, and any man may aspire to honors and office. It is the same thing in Turkey, one of the purest despotisms on the face of the earth. The cause, however, of this apparent similarity is as different as day and night. In the United States, this general eligibility to office, is owing to the universal equality recognized in the laws and the constitution: in Turkey there is the same equality in the eye of the Sultan, who is placed at such an immeasurable distance above the rest of mankind, that they all appear to him like pignions of the same size and dimensions. The barber and bashaw are equally slaves. Here is a cloud of philosophy for you.'

A chapter on fire engines, with an anecdote:

'I must, while I think of it, mention another anecdote respecting the old Capudan Pacha, to show his peculiar way of thinking. You must know that it has not been very long since fire engines have been introduced into Constantinople for the purpose of extinguishing the frequent fires which happen there. These fire engines are like those we use in our gardens, for watering the beds and walks, and deliver about as much water as a good large syringe. When an alarm is given of fire, a man seizes on one of these and runs to the spot indicated, with the engine on his shoulder, another brings a skin of water, pours it into the reservoir, and they pump away. The water discharged being soon converted into hydrogen gas, serves to keep alive the flames and increase the conflagration. They had heard of the fire engines and fire companies of the United States—how half a shingle could be burnt and the engines save the other half from the flames. They could not understand it. Mr. Eckford fortunately arrived with his beautiful ship, having one of our engines on board, requiring some twenty men to work it. The Capudan Pacha heard of it—'Mash Allah! let us see it,' exclaimed the old man. The engine was brought on shore and placed in the navy yard; a short suction was fixed to it and put into the Bosphorus; men were set to work at it; the navy yard was soon inundated, and the Bosphorus began to run dry. 'Mash Allah!' said he, 'very good—but it will require a sea to supply it with water. It won't do for us, for there is no sea in the middle of the city.' They have therefore thought best to stick to their squirts, and let the fire spread, until the wind changes or it is tired of burning.'

Here is an illustration of the course of trade in Constantinople; if the first article spoken of were almost any thing but a pipe mouth-piece, the extract would apply just as well to New-York or London.

'It is utterly impossible to make any sort of calculation or estimate of the number of persons employed in the khans and bazars, and of the purchasers who visit them. Almost every shop, however small, is occupied; and in a great many instances, a little shop of not more than six feet extent, will have two occupants, with distinct interests. It is the same in the khans. Besides this, there are thousands of itinerant vendors, whose whole stock in trade does not amount to half a dozen pisters; and yet this capital will double itself half a dozen times a day. For example, a man will obtain on credit or purchase a pipe mouth-piece from among some old trash in the bazars, or from some person in want, for four or five pisters, he cleans it up to show to advantage, then cries it through the bazars, with a loud voice, for sale, and the 'LAST BID' he had for it, (although he never had a bid) generally half as much again, or as much again as it cost. Still the mouth-piece is cheaper than a new one, and equally as good. The Turks are a nation of smokers, and smokers will have mouth-pieces; and as some cannot afford to buy new ones, they get the cheapest they can. He is not long in getting a purchaser. In a few minutes afterward, you will meet the same person with a pair of half-worn brooches, crying them up 'as good as new—twenty pisters—the last bid,' for what cost him from six to ten. Every body wears brooches in Turkey. It is inconceivable the following fellows keep up, and the rapidity with which they elbow themselves through the crowd. The women are also great traffickers, and thousands of them every day attend the bazars to sell some of their household goods, or part of their dress, or ornaments, to raise cash. For this purpose also these running auctioneers are employed. It is, in fact, one of the most busy and animated scenes in the world, and I never tire in visiting the bazaar.'

Artificial Stone.—We are proud of our Quincy granite, as affording an excellent material for building—but it is not unlikely that in a few years granite and marble will be suffered to remain unmolested—and stone of any kind, and in blocks of any size, will be manufactured to order. An English paper states that a system of making stone from a composition of lime, gravel, &c., is now in successful operation at Lytham, in England. Stones to any pattern are made in the most perfect form, and which, for beauty and neatness of appearance, cannot be exceeded by real stone! The whole process of making, fitting and polishing a stone of 5 cwt., after the materials are prepared, does not occupy more than twenty minutes. It is rather soft at first, and requires some time to harden before it can be safely placed in the building; but it hardens in time, until it is in a state of petrification, perhaps harder and more durable than the ordinary quality of English quarry stone. This artificial stone has already come into general use at Brighton, and some very large buildings in London are now being constructed of it.—*Boston Post.*

THE COMMOTION IN MISSISSIPPI.

There is a novel species of moral casuistry attached to the massacre which has lately occurred at the South, which to us is the most revolting of the whole affair. As our own opinions respecting gambling and gamblers are exactly expressed in the ensuing remarks, for we hold all men who play at games of chance for money, to be equally criminal thieves as house breakers and pickpockets; we have nothing to offer in extenuation of their knavery. But we cannot see how that stealing which, until very lately, was legalized by the State of Louisiana, and the license to perpetrate it with impunity constituted a part of the public revenue, can so suddenly have become a nuisance of such magnitude, that nothing less than outrageous murders in their most atrocious and sanguinary form could expiate it. We have an utter repugnance to those people of respectability at Vicksburg. It is a most awful burlesque upon all truth and decorum to call such men any thing else but banditti of the most ferocious turpitude. The state of morals in Mississippi can easily be understood from the fact that a ruffian named Bodley, who headed the murderous gang, is called 'a gentleman of great worth'; a second of the gang is pronounced a 'gentleman of respectability'; the 'Cashier of the Planters' Bank' ordered Yankee Doodle to be played, to drown the cries of the murdered; a Captain Barungard, and forty military volunteers in arms superintended the whole affair; and to sanctify the slaughter, all those murders were openly perpetrated on the Lord's day morning, and the five men were kept hanging in their usual dress, and with faces uncovered in derision, during 24 hours; and their corpses were then thrown into a hole dug near the gallows. All that butchery, be it remembered, was done by 'gentlemen of great worth and respectability,' on a Sabbath morning, in one of the towns in Mississippi. Worthless and detestable as is a gambler; and bad as those victims of ferocity may have been, although we have no doubt that the murders were perpetrated only as a retaliation for the money which was lost, as is manifest from the murderers stealing all the money which the slaughtered men possessed and dividing it among themselves—guilty and loathsome as may have been the gamblers, yet 'the gentlemen of great worth and respectability,' as they are mischievously called, who hanged five American citizens upon a Sabbath morning, and danced and shouted to the tune of Yankee Doodle for 24 hours around the horrible massacre, are as deep below them in crime as the mouth of hell from the farthest end of the bottomless pit.

Twenty or more other persons have also been summarily murdered, without charge, evidence, or trial. We have no doubt that when the secrets shall be developed, it will appear to be nothing else than the effect of personal envy and revenge; the larger confederacy of losing gamblers, and other villains, having effused their vengeance upon a less numerous and powerful, but more crafty and successful gang of plunderers; and the former were knaves of the worst character; and the latter have added to their gambling villainy, the blood guiltiness of a massacre executed with all the deliberation and ferocity of a Popish Auto da fe! The Lord have mercy upon those miserable sinners; and upon our country which permits such turpitude with impunity, and thereby virtually justifies the iniquity of the sin!—*Protestant Vindicator.*

MOBS AND MOB LAW.

The crisis to which our republican government is already approaching by the fearful and portentous evils of violence, mob-law and popular commotion will furnish a sufficient apology for reverting so often to the subject. If any thing will overturn and destroy our government, it is mob-law, set on foot or encouraged by secret societies or secret intrigue. It is true the outrages are committed by ignorant and lawless people, but the plans are laid and the encouragement given by men of higher rank. This is an evil which peculiarly belongs to the newspaper press to rebuke; yet it is painful to see with what indifference the most flagrant violations of law—the most daring outrages on the personal rights of citizens, are treated in the public newspapers. Indifference? No. There are many of our well patronized, leading papers, which are almost continually exciting, encouraging and instigating these mobs. The accounts of the most appalling violence and cruelty are copied without comment, or with a wink of approbation.

How is it at the North? Certain editors are constantly drumming up for mob recruits—branding the best of men with the foulest epithets of reproach—fanatics—incendiaries—miscreants, &c. &c. and then upbraiding the citizens for not seizing upon them and inflicting 'summary justice.' They then charge the abolitionists, for exercising the constitutional right of peaceably assembling and freely discussing an important subject, with 'getting up an excitement'—'disturbing the peace'; saying if there is no law to stop these incendiary meetings, there is some other way. Some of the New York journals, particularly the *Courier* and *Inquirer* and *Commercial Advertiser*, after succeeding in raising a mob and committing gross outrages on the persons and property of eminent and virtuous citizens, a year or two since, upbraided the mob for their lawlessness in not completing their work by tar and feathering.

Who can doubt, but that the immense mobs, which have repeatedly disturbed the peaceable city of Philadelphia of late, by attacking the defenceless colored people and committing the grossest outrages on their persons and properties, were instigated and managed by slaveholders and their advocates? And who can doubt or mistake the motives of northern editors, who have been preparing the minds of the lawless for months past, for mobs and riots? For what good purpose is the Boston Atlas trying to get up a meeting of citizens in Faneuil Hall? Not for liberty but for slavery—for seconding and supporting the late meeting of slaveholders in New York.

We are sorry to perceive the Boston *Evening Transcript*, usually a very decent paper, following on in the same mean track, using the same low, contemptible, billingsgate language as the Boston *Commercial Gazette*.

If Mr. Lynde M. Walter is not ashamed of this language, he has less regard for his own character as an editor, than we have hitherto felt disposed to entertain for him.—'Thompson,' the 'Wandering Insurrectionist'—'Vagabond'—'The Englishman'—'a foreigner.' These are the terms used by an American editor to a gentleman from abroad, who, if he had come to our shores in favor of slavery and oppression, instead of coming as a friend of freedom and humanity, would have been overwhelmed with the most fulsome adulations. He would have been extolled, as the greatest philanthropist and the greatest orator of the age, all of which might be said with much less exaggeration than these slavish aristocrats are wont to bestow upon their favorites.

The cowardly suggestions of violence thrown out to the populace on every occasion of this kind is most detestable. It is indeed sickening to hear these 'dough faces,' as Randolph once called the Northern advocates of Southern Slavery, tell of our 'Southern brethren,' and at the same time tell the populace to 'put down' any one who dares speak against slavery. 'A Boston audience, we trust, will always have the dignity and spirit to do like.' This is the language of one of those Boston editors, who are always ranting about the fanatics, incendiaries, &c. &c. Shame on such conduct.—*Lynde Record.*

Building for Free Discussion.—Several meetings have recently been held in Boston by the friends of freedom of speech for the purpose of concerting measures to erect a building, which shall be open to all parties and sects without distinction for the orderly discussion of any subject which may be agitated in the community. This is a praiseworthy object, and we certainly wish the old 'cradle of liberty' has become a place where tyranny can no longer be assailed—since where tyrannical law has passed under the control of men who have no sympathy for the oppressed, if they chance to possess a skin a few shades darker than that of the common mass of our citizens—those who tremble to hear the conduct of an oppressor arraigned, if so be he is an American and the victim of his oppression a slave, it is certainly time that the real friends of freedom and republicanism should erect another temple where the voice of untrammelled, unrestrained liberty, may be raised without restraint. That narrow, exclusive, dastardly spirit which is now rife in the community, which shuts up public halls and churches, and turns the fury of mobs against those who do not happen to fall in with the popular modes of thinking, must be met and subdued. Our institutions are or should be founded on the solid basis of reason and justice, and they ought to be able to stand the test of the most rigid investigation. But from the extreme caution with which some subjects are approached, and the wincing that is seen when an examination into them is proposed, it is manifest that the light of day would prove destructive. But these subjects must be examined and probed to the bottom—this is the genius of the times, and if these examinations cannot be had by the means already established, others will be resorted to to effect the object. Masonry and slavery have been subjects from which every ray of light has been carefully excluded, but the time for secrecy and silence has gone by.—*Hallowell Free Press.*

Insurrection of slaves in Cuba.—We have been favored with the following extract of a letter giving a more detailed account than has yet been published of the disturbance among negroes in the vicinity of the Havana.

HAVANA, 27th July, 1835.

When you hear of the difficulties we have had here amongst the slaves let it not alarm you, as the affair was of no consequence. About 40 negroes 'emancipados,' probably badly advised, thought they would sooner obtain their freedom by rising upon those who kept them and massacring all the white people they might meet on the high road about three miles from the city. As soon as the alarm was given, the cavalry marched to the spot, led on by Governor Tacón in person; orders were given not to spare one. They were soon dispersed and massacred in their turn. Some of them made a brutal resistance, and threw themselves like wild beasts on the horses, and preferring to be absolutely cut into pieces rather than surrender. Others fled, and a good many were made prisoners. About eighteen or twenty lives have been lost. Five of which were whites, the rest negroes.

This happened on Sunday the 12th inst. at one o'clock in the afternoon. On Tuesday the 14th, at the same hour, almost the same spot, negro slaves carrying water either insulted or threatened a sentinel who was shot dead. Immediately afterwards a free negro woman having some property, and who was called by the blacks *la Perra*, was made prisoner, as well as five more free negroes, who were found concealed in her dwelling with muskets and swords. Amongst them there is one negro from Jamaica, and another from St. Domingo.

Six of the negroes who revolted on Sunday, were shot yesterday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. There are still many more to be executed.

'Negroes Emancipados.'—These are negroes captured by the English from the slave traders who they make prisoners and bring into the Havana. They deliver them up to the Spanish Government on condition that they shall be free after five years residence in the colony.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

THE LADIES OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

The Ladies of New-Hampshire deserve to be remembered with expressions of high commendation. With the energy and firmness of Judith, when she stood in the tent of Holofernes, but with a mild and chastened temper which asks not for blood, but for justice and mercy, they have engaged in the warfare against passion and legalized villainy—against that sin which is desolating the homes of the South, and leaving misery and despair, deep and fearful, among the daughters of that beautiful land. The outrages and wrongs of their sisters in bonds have met with a noble response in their bosoms. A sympathy has been awakened there, which prompts to unceasing action. The ruthless sacrifice of the heart's purest affections, the unhallowed desecration of female rights and privileges, the wanton plundering of the mother and the wail of the stolen child, the moan of innocence violated, is rousing them to active measures of intercession.

True to their own nature, true to the holy impulses of charity and love, they have taken a high stand in succor of the oppressed and degraded slave. Of the Society in Concord we can speak—for we are more acquainted with its doings—in terms of particular praise. Undismayed by mobs and unawed by the excitements of the enterprise, they have commenced the work of reform in the 'Granite State,' and unless the people who breathe its air have feelings more rugged than their native hills, it will prove successful. They have procured addresses; they have distributed widely books, pamphlets and papers, and by the labors of the needle are preparing to reach the heart through the medium of the eye. A portion of their monthly meetings is devoted to work, the proceeds of which are to go to aid the general advancement of the cause. Their engagedness and perseverance are worthy of all imitation. We hope all throughout New-Hampshire will be moved by their example, and by the facts which they have disseminated; to rise up with the mighty influences of woman, in behalf of their oppressed sisters in bondage.—*First Annual Report of the N. H. Anti-Slavery Society.*

Longevity of the Vine.—The vine lasts to a considerable age; it spreads also to a large extent, or when supported rises to a great height. Although it bears at three or four years plentifully, it is said by Miller that vineyards improve in quality till fifty years old. Pliny mentions a vine which had attained the age of six hundred years. In France and Italy, there are entire vineyards still in existence, and in full bearing, which were in the same condition at least three centuries ago; and have so continued ever since. The slender stems of ordinary vines, when they have obtained a considerable age, are remarkably tough and compact; and the timber of the very old ones in foreign countries, which is occasionally of size enough for being sawn into planks, and being made into furniture and utensils, is almost indestructible. Strabo mentions an old vine plant, which was trained against a row of houses at Northampton, covered in 1792, one hundred and thirty-seven square yards. It was then about a hundred years old, and it increased in size afterwards; but it is now dead. In 1795, the principal stem of this vine was about fifteen inches in diameter.

A dreadful explosion had taken place at a coal mine, four miles from Newcastle, Eng. About two hundred people are employed at this colliery, and on Thursday afternoon, the hewers of the coal, with the exception of four, had left the mine, under an impression of its perfect safety. About a hundred putters, consisting for the most part of young men and boys, remained at work. Their labors were superintended by four overmen and deputy overmen—all men of great experience, some having been accustomed to work in the pits for upward of thirty years. While the operation of 'putting' the coals was going on, the banksmen were suddenly alarmed by a loud report in the church pit, which they describe as being similar to an earthquake. The rushing of the foul air to the mouth of the shaft, bringing up with it some of the pitmen's clothes and other light articles from the bottom, left no room to conjecture as to what had occurred in the mine. The report was occasioned by an explosion of inflammable air, by which 104 human beings were un happily hurried into eternity. The latest accounts from the scene of this dreadful calamity inform us that eighty-six men and boys had been drawn out of the pit, and that of this number only four were alive. These four persons are much burnt, but confident hopes are entertained of their recovery, although it is more than probable that their reason is lost forever.

The Old and the Young Minister.—The following little incident illustrates the force of certain principles in preaching: On a day not to be named, a young minister entered the pulpit, and addressing rather a fashionable audience, attacked their pride and extravagance, as seen in their dresses, ribbons, ruffles, chains, and jewels. In the afternoon the old gentleman preached powerfully on the corruption of the heart, the enmity of the soul toward God, and the necessity of a new heart. In the evening, as they sat in the study, said the younger, 'Father D., why do you not preach against the vanity and pride of the people for dressing so extravagantly?' 'Ah! son Timothy,' replied Father D., 'while you are trimming off the top and branches of the tree, I am endeavoring to cut it up by the roots, and then the whole top must die.'—*Southern Churchman.*

The funeral of the late William Cobbett was attended by several members of Parliament, among whom was O'Connell. The ceremony of interment was the usual one. The coffin, after the service was read over it, was lowered into a brick vault securely formed, and in a churchyard where a head-stone with this inscription, 'George Cobbett, 1760,' indicates the grave of the meek, conscious grandfather of this celebrated political writer. Three large stone flags were placed over the coffin with a view to greater security.

A New Orleans editor notices a novel importation into that city—ten thousand coffins, by a fat boat from Cincinnati! The editor thinks their good friends of the West seem determined to bury them wholesale.

The slave who was re-claimed in Albany a few days since, and put on board the steamboat, at New Baltimore, attempted to kill himself by cutting his throat, but the instrument used was too dull to enable him to effect his purpose.

HOUSES AND LOTS IN PROVIDENCE.

FOR sale, a Lot of Land, measuring 94 feet by 40, situated in Meeting-street, near the African Church, with a Dwelling House thereon, of three stories high in front and two in the rear, with other buildings attached to it. The site is one of the most pleasant in the city, commanding a most delightful prospect of the city and the adjacent country. The premises are now occupied by the subscriber. For particulars apply to the subscriber.

Also, A House and Lot in Martin-street, that measures 50 feet front by 130 back. The house is two stories high, in good repair and pleasantly situated.

Also, Four House Lots situated in Green-lane, in the rear of the Mansion House, two of which measure 60 front by 90 feet back—one 58 front by 90—one 56 front by 90 in rear.

Also, A Lot on Cushing-street, measuring 50 front by 90 feet back, and pleasantly situated on Prospect Hill. All the above property is free from encumbrances, and will be sold low. For further particulars, apply to the subscriber.
Aug. 8. 2t. GEO. McCARTY.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

S. ALEXANDER, has removed from Ann-street to Blackstone-street, south side, between Ann and Hanover-streets, where he has commenced the Boot and Shoe making business; and from the practical knowledge that he has had, he flatters himself to be able to please all who may favor him with their patronage. He would beg his friends and the public to call and see if the color of the skin makes any difference in fitting the foot.
Boots and Shoes repaired with neatness and despatch. 4t. Aug. 1.

A CARD.

WE, the undersigned, having availed ourselves during the session of the colored Convention, held in Philadelphia, June, 1835, of Mrs. Serena Gardiner's select boarding house, No. 13, Elizabeth-street, are happy to say that with its pleasant situation, the cleanliness of its apartments, the good order therein preserved, and its good table, we were highly pleased; and are prepared to appreciate the above advantages, we freely recommend her house, as possessing superior inducements to their patronage and support.

WM. P. POWELL, New Bedford.
DR. JAMES H. FLEET, District of Columbia.
AGUSTUS PRICE, Washington, D. C.
JOHN F. COOK, do.
HENRY OGDEN, Newark, N. J.
JOHN D. CLOSSON, do.
ALFRED NIGER, Providence, R. I.
FRANCIS C. LIPPINS, Easton, Pa.
JUSTIN REYNOLDS, North Carolina.
CHARLES C. REMOND, Salem, Mass.
NATHAN GILBERT, Providence, R. I.
SAMUEL HARDENBURG, New York.
WM. HAMILTON, do.
WM. H. NOLAND, Washington, D. C.
JOHN PECK, Carlisle, Pa.
JOSEPH J. ROBERTS, Liberia, W. A.
WM. N. CORSTON, Petersburg, Va.
WM. WHIPPER, Columbia, Pa.
HENRY SCOTT, Worcester, Mass.
WM. NICKINS, late of New Orleans.
THOMAS DAY, North Carolina.

SECOND HAND CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subscriber returns his sincere thanks to his friends and customers generally, for the patronage they have bestowed upon him, and wishes to inform them that he has removed from No. 99 South Second-street, to No. 37 South 3d street, where he hopes by assiduity to business to merit a continuance of the same.
JOHN BOWERS, Senr.
Philadelphia, August 1st, 1835.—4t.

A CARD.

MRS. F. WILES respectfully informs her friends and the public, that they can always be comfortably accommodated at her house, No. 152, Church Street, New-York.
July 23, 1835. 1m